Glo. I serue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the house?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted stocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreson glasse-gazing superfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a baud in way of good seruice, & art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least syllable of the addition.

Stew. What a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen-fac'st varlet art thou, to deny thou know-est me, is it two daies agoe since I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moon shines, ile make a sop of the Moone-shine a'you, draw you whoreson cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring Letters against the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, against the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. Strike you slaue, st
strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, ho

Enter Edmund with his
Duke an

Bast. How now, what's the

Ken. With you goodman b
you, come on yong master.

Glost. Weapons, armes, wha

Duke. Keepe peace vpon yo
what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from

Duke. What's your differe

Stew. I am scarse in breath

Kent. No maruaile you hau
wardly rascall, nature disclai

Duke. Thou art a strange f

Kent. I, a taylour sir, a St
haue made him so ill, though
trade.

Glost. Speake yet, how gre

Stew. This ancient ruffian
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Ze
if you will giue me leaue, I w
to motter, and daube the wa
gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has

Duke. Why art thou angry

Kent. That such a slaue as
That weares no honesty, such
Like Rats oft bite those cor
Which are to intrench, to in
That in the natures of their L

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